

## The Critic

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### Manuscripts in the Buffalo Library.

The growing appreciation of literary and artistic treasures and their continual accumulation in American cities are hopeful signs to those who measure our national progress by another than a material standard. The latest collection of valuable autographs to be thrown open to the public is that of Mr. James Frazer Gluck, which has just been presented by that gentleman to the Buffalo Library. Some of the three hundred manuscripts and letters were purchased by the collector for this purpose, but in the main they were given by the writers or their friends. Unlike the contents of many similar collections, they are bound handsomely and in a manner which permits of their being easily examined. A few of them are familiar to collectors, but most of them have never been in the market, and some contain matter which has not been printed. The collection as a whole may be divided into two parts, the first comprising fractional or entire manuscripts of books or poems by distinguished authors, and the second autograph letters, etc. Among the former the manuscript of Emerson's 'Representative Men,' formerly in the Osgood collection, is easily first in interest and value. This and other manuscripts from the same collection were mentioned in THE CRITIC when brought to general notice at the time of the Benjamin sale last spring. Among those derived from this source and now included in the Gluck collection are the original manuscripts of Whittier's 'King's Missive,' Owen Meredith's 'Atlantis,' Bryant's introduction to the 'Odyssey,' Bayard Taylor's notes to 'Faust,' T. W. Trowbridge's 'Paul Jones,' the Jean Jacques Rousseau letter published, with a translation, in these columns, Charles Dickens's 'Great International Walking Match,' and the De Quincey proof-sheets and letters.

The manuscript of 'Representative Men' is notable for the passages crossed out by the author. Mr. Benjamin printed one in his catalogue, and the writer is allowed to reproduce the following:—'The possibility of interpretation lies in the identity of the observer with the observed. The genius that has done what the world desired, say, to find his way between azote and oxygen, to detect the new rock-superposition, to find the law of the curves, can do it, because he has just come out of nature, or from being a part of that thing. He knows the way of azote, because he is azote. Man is a piece of the universal made alive.' The manuscript abounds in equally interesting passages, cut out by the author for some reason best known to himself. The ideas thus elided would furnish a large stock in trade for a philosopher in a small way of business.

Next in order of interest among the manuscripts from the Osgood sale come the gathered letters of Thomas de Quincey and proof-sheets, bearing his corrections, of the 'Essays Sceptical and Anti-Sceptical.' The letters picture vividly the conditions under which his last work was done. They are thirty-four in number, unsigned, written on the smallest of note-sheets and in the dreamer's characteristic

fine hand. They are addressed to his publishers and to intimate friends, and are all written in the same strain of physical distress and mental exhaustion. One or two examples will indicate the character of all.

Sate up all last night, as unhappily always happens to me now; found myself very ill in the morning; have been so all day long; have been in cons. now obliged to go to bed. I shall be up by 4 o'clock A.M., and shall finish something before breakfast.

1 past 5, Wedn. April 8.

Another, dated 'Tuesday, May 24,' runs as follows:

MY DEAR SIR.—Here is a sketch of one day as I now drag through daily with very trivial variations. 15 min. bef. 4 A.M. I find myself broad awake. From this time to 7.30 (making 3 hours  $\frac{1}{4}$ ths—I am a miserable suffering cripple—not daring to stoop or to stretch out my arm, I find all the time little enough for doing such wretched processes as I am compelled to call dressing; not much of a dandy am I, yet after all, from sheer abstinence in every department, I come forward to the *derrock* (Westmoreland) in good fighting spirits. 7.30 A.M. (I am speaking of to-day) comes breakfast—tea and 2 or even 3 biscuits. 8 A.M. come the newspapers, which villainous compounds, full of malice and of endless misconstruction; these it is that fill the atmosphere of life with irritation. They also meet with irritations, but their answers are instant—effective—perfect. 8.30 A.M. comes a letter from Tipperary that would require 3 laborious days for a commensurate answer. 9 A.M. to nearly noon I write a supplementary page or more to a half-sheet on Lessing—for the 13th vol. is drawing near to its close. Noon or thereabouts my trifle of dinner is served up. In 12 minutes more a stranger, whom there are unanswerable reasons for seeing, summons me away. He detains me till 10 minutes after 3. I then find that Johnny is looked for every min. to fetch the Proofs; in which no progress is made. Near 4 P.M., while thinking in perplexity on this subject, most naturally I fall asleep, having accomplished and rounded a day of 13 hours. 7.15 P.M. I awaken—and find barely time to sign, ever

T. DE Q.

In one of the De Quincey proof-sheets occur an erasure and note which can only be accounted for by knowing the author's habits. At the bottom of the page where the author makes a plea for duelling, occurs the following remarkable foot-note, apropos of nothing in the text: 'Eagles never take blue pill. No; but yet poor would live more happily if they did.' The author puts a *delete* mark in the margin and says: 'I do not know by what accident this fragment of a sentence crept in.'

Among the manuscripts derived by Mr. Gluck from other sources it would be difficult to indicate which is the most valuable or interesting. As time goes on, and Francis Parkman's histories are given their due place among the world's imperishable works, the two volumes comprising the entire manuscript of his 'Frontenac' will perhaps be ranked highest in the collection. The work is for the most part in the handwriting of an amanuensis, but the preface and numerous corrections, notes and copious additions are the work of the author himself. The original manuscript of Mr. Gladstone's review of 'Russia and England' is interesting, not only from the rarity of his penmanship in this country, but as showing the care taken in his composition. The writing is fine, done with a stub-pen, and shows few corrections or interlineations. What few of the latter there are, are written on slips of paper bearing the words 'Hawarden Castle' in raised letters, and gummed to the edge of the sheets. Wilkie Collins sends to the library the manuscript of his 'Two Destinies' handsomely bound at his own expense. The writing throughout is heavy and coarse, the alterations being numerous, but with their places clearly indicated and an enormous amount of pains taken with erasures, as though the author feared that some of the words to be omitted would be inserted by the printer. Included in this part of the collection are the author's proof-sheets of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the Hearth,' beginning with 'Enoch Arden' and ending with 'Boadicea.' The corrections are not numerous enough to add greatly to the cost of composition. Each manuscript might be made the subject of an interesting article, but all that is intended to be done here is to give

a general idea of the scope and character of the collection. As showing this, it may be said that it contains among many others the manuscripts of Miss Alcott's 'Sophie's Secret,' George W. Cable's lecture, 'A Disinterested Report,' Mark Twain's 'Huckleberry Finn,' President Cleveland's Thanksgiving Proclamation for 1885, a chapter from Cooper's 'Headsman,' a number of Susan Coolidge's poems, Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair introducing Mr. Howells as the occupant of the Editor's Study in *Harper's Monthly*, Horace Greeley's 'Introduction to the Study of Political Economy,' Joel Chandler Harris's 'Trouble on Lost Mountain,' Julian Hawthorne's 'Book of the Flood,' Dr. Holmes's 'Cry from the Study,' two large volumes comprising Mr. Howells's 'Foregone Conclusion,' Henry James's essay on Tourguenoff, Longfellow's sonnet on Milton, the first drafts of a number of poems and essays by Joaquin Miller, Miss Jane Porter's 'Honoria,' a college reunion poem by John G. Saxe, the first draft of Charles Sumner's letter on Reconstruction, 'A Day at Tivoli' by Harriet Beecher Stowe, H. D. Thoreau's essay on 'Mortal Glory,' Charles Dudley Warner's article on 'Society in the New South,' Richard Grant White's 'Stage Rosalinds,' two poems by Robert Burns, one by Dryden, Gray's 'On Natural History,' Thomas Hood's 'She is All Heart' with a sketch by the poet, Leigh Hunt's critical review of Carlyle's 'First Lectures in London,' Jean Ingelow's 'Monitors of the Unseen,' the Ettrick Shepherd's 'Ballad of Sir Walter,' a lecture on America by Canon Kingsley, Keats's sonnet 'To Mrs. Reynolds's Cat,' the words and music of Tom Moore's 'Angel of Charity, Angel of Light,' proof-sheets of Ouida's article on 'Woman Suffrage' with numerous corrections, Charles Reade's directions for the production of his play of 'Dora,' and many other manuscripts of equal interest.

In that part of the collection which is more fragmentary in its character are several notable groups of holograph letters replete with interest even apart from their value as autographs. Among these are a collection of the letters of Lydia Maria Child, many of which have never been published; letters from Charles Sumner written at Washington during the War; letters from prominent American women, some of whom are now living; letters written during the War by men conspicuously identified with the Abolition Movement; a miscellaneous collection of letters written by Americans prominent in every walk of life; letters written by Mrs. Browning at the time of our Civil War and never yet printed; a collection of letters from eminent literary people in England; and a volume of letters from Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Beranger, St. Pierre, Hugo, Montalembert, Guizot, Balzac, Daudet, Dumas *père*, Lamartine, St. Beuve and other celebrated Frenchmen.

Among the detached pieces are sermons by Phillips Brooks, James Freeman Clarke and M. J. Savage; an opinion by Chancellor Kent; verses by John Howard Payne; a bill of costs made out by Alexander Hamilton; a leaf from Aaron Burr's Index Rerum; an interesting unpublished letter from Benjamin Franklin on the rejection of the petition of the American colonies by the Lords of the Council, London, Aug. 3, 1772; important letters of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; a touching letter from J. L. Motley written soon after the death of the historian's wife; and letters from Dr. Johnson, Cowper, Dickens, Macaulay, Pope, Ruskin, Jeremy Taylor, John Wesley, Lord Beaconsfield, Shelley, Thomas Hughes, Jane Carlyle, and many others.

The foregoing will give a geneal idea of the collection. The manuscripts are handsomely bound in levant morocco and kept under lock and key in glass cases, where they may be seen by the general public, and are easily accessible to the student under the supervision of the library authorities. Many of the manuscripts were obtained directly from the authors, and the collector states that in only one instance has he met with anything but the utmost courtesy and encouragement from the literary people of this country and England. He has been greatly aided by Harper & Bros.

The Century Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., *The North American Review*, *The Forum*, Mrs. James T. Fields, Roberts Brothers and others; and in every case credit is given to the donors, whether author or publisher, by lettering on the cover of the volume. The people of Buffalo are enthusiastic about Mr. Gluck's generous gift, and valuable additions to the collection are promised, collectors being glad to find so safe a permanent depository for their treasures as is afforded by the new fire-proof building of the Buffalo Library.

JAMES S. METCALFE.

## Reviews

### Prof. Richardson's "American Literature." \*

IN 1878 Mr. Richardson published a 'Primer of American Literature.' Revised and enlarged in 1883, it has sold, in its earlier and later forms, to the extent of about fifty thousand copies. The little work contained but a few over a hundred small pages; but into them was condensed a systematic and faithful history of American literature. The success of the little book testifies to its genuine merit, for, small as it is, it contains a very readable and trustworthy resumé of the subject. The admirable manner of this primer led to confidence in Mr. Richardson as a fit person to write the history of American literature with more of fulness and thoroughness. Excellent as is the uncompleted 'History of American Literature' by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, that work is in some parts too-extended and minute. A more condensed presentation of the subject, having reference mainly to those men who have really produced an impression on the American mind and life, seemed to be desirable. Vol. I. of Mr. Richardson's new work treats of 'The Development of American Thought,' and deals with the prose-writers of theology, science, history and essays. The second volume, which is to be issued in 1888, will be devoted to fiction and poetry. The question at once presents itself as to whether this division of literature into two sections is proper, or admits of the adequate treatment which the subject demands. The whole ground must be twice occupied; and it is hardly possible to show the relations of thought, in its various forms, to imaginative writing, when they are thus separated from each other. Mahaffy follows this method in his history of Greek literature, but it is not adopted by Taine and Scherer in their works on the literatures of England and Germany. The constant corellation, the incessant interaction between prose and poetry, fiction and science, poetry and fiction, science and history, makes it desirable that these should be discussed with reference to their mutual relations. At the present time poetry is profoundly affected by science and prose fiction; a generation ago it was equally influenced by philosophy and religion. In the life of the nation prose and poetry are never far apart. Over twenty pages of the volume before us are devoted to Benjamin Franklin, but they are mainly given up to biography and quotation. What the author himself says is true, and it is said fairly well; but Franklin is not made to stand out before us in the fulness of his many-sided gifts of mind and heart. We are not made to understand why his religion was shallow, why his mind was limited by his want of spiritual insight, why he became so important an influence in Europe, or what was the residuum of conserved power which has come to us from his life and writings.

Turning to Thomas Paine, we find that the 'Primer' devotes twice as much space to him as the present work, in which Mr. Richardson says that Paine's political books 'are now forgotten and unread, and his deistic "Age of Reason" is popular only with the lower classes, unable to perceive its cheap and unscholarly critical method and its vulgar temper.' More just and truthful is the statement of the 'Primer': 'The "Age of Reason" has always had a wide circulation, chiefly among the lower classes. It advocates a pure deism, but its method of criticism and temper of attack are now

\* American Literature: 1607-1885. Vol. I. The Development of American Thought. By Charles F. Richardson. \$3. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

generally repudiated by more scholarly writers of the same 'school.' Mr. Richardson's later treatment of Paine seems to be affected by a notion that soundness of literary production is necessarily influenced by religious opinions; and this notion several times presents itself in what he has to say about Emerson. Even in his introduction it appears in this form: 'We can see clearly his inconsistencies, his inferiority to Carlyle in Hebrew-like sense of Jehovah's might, his obscurities of style, his real narrowness of view when he renounced all religious forms.' Of Emerson's essay on immortality he says: 'It would be difficult to construct an equal number of pages leaving a more vague and profitless effect upon the reader's mind.' His abandonment of the clerical profession, we are told, 'made him notorious among the churches, and redounds little to his credit, on any theory.' Such criticisms as these will not change the opinion of Emerson entertained by the great body of his readers. A just appreciation of his rejection of churchly forms may not be essential in itself, but it is a measure of the critic's capacity for rightly interpreting those whose opinions may not be his own. The concluding chapter discusses the writers on physical and political science, the Biblical archaeologists, the educators, the philosophical historians, and the humorists.

We have dealt somewhat plainly with Mr. Richardson's volume, but we are glad that he wrote it. It will prove a convenient book of reference, and a helpful guide to the general reader and average student. It will reach a class of students who are not likely to appreciate what is best in the work of Prof. Tyler; and it will help them to understand the intellectual side of American history. The great interest in history which has been developed during the last few years has had little regard to mental influences. As a corrective of this tendency to consider our history only in its political, social, and personal aspects, this book will be important. It will open to many minds the vision of what literature is, as an intellectual force in the life of a nation. Even in its defects it has elements of popularity. It is indicative, also, of a growing critical taste among us, and therefore of a richer intellectual life.

#### A Pilgrimage on a Tricycle.\*

ORDINARILY the Hugoan 'Je ne parle pas—j' *agis*,' has been the watchword of the 'cycler—not speech, but action. The swift whirl over the road, the breezy ascent of the long mountain side, the delicious dash down, the arrowy tranquility of the dart and the flash along the glimmering 'pike, the speechlessness induced by the luxury of this heaven-on-wheels, used to be enough for the goodly company of 'cyclists. Physical exercise absorbed all the energies of the wheeling athletes, and no record at first grew out of the new and entrancing mode of locomotion. But now all that is changed. Literary folk were bound to come in for their share of the captivating amusement, and among their other luggage—light as Aladdin's in other respects—occasionally a pen or a pencil smuggled itself in, and even a special kind of literature sprang up mixed with the shining swirl of the road. Artists found the new vehicle adapted to their outings; amateur photographers caught views from the top of their wheels as they sped along; the fine roads of England and the continent, so long abandoned for the monotonous railways or handed over to lumbering diligences, kindled a new enthusiasm for the beauty of the country, and the charm of rural landscapes and rustic views grew into a fever extending to women and children as well as to men. We regard the invention of the velocipede as one of the most fortunate of our day, for it was made just as the world was losing its feeling for country lanes and roads, and the iron rails had begun to roll across the heart and cramp the imagination of the race.

Two of the most charming and adventurous protagonists

\* Two Pilgrims' Progress. By Joseph and Elizabeth R. Pennell. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

of the new 'Cyclic Poetry' are the artist Pennell and his wife, whose recent 'Canterbury Pilgrimage' will be remembered and whose delightful velocipedal memoirs are transferred, as vivid as pen and pencil can make them, to the pages of *The Century* and *St. Nicholas*. One cannot conceive a more complete companionship than this: the exquisite bits of illustration of the one spun together by the spirited words and descriptions of the other, so that one can hardly tell illustration from description—elm from ivy. The last pilgrimage of the happy couple is the book before us, which ingeniously imitates, in its title-page and chapter-headings, the style of Bunyan, though its journeys are purely—shall we say delightfully?—mundane. The pair start on a tricycle-trip from Florence to Rome via Siena, Lake Thrasymene and Assisi; and their experiences, jolly or dismal, are faithfully recorded. The illustrations lose something of their quaintness and grace through the narrowness and dead whiteness of the page, and the oneness of the size selected; but no one can follow the adventurers through these naive Italian districts, where their advent excited universal amazement, without sympathy and interest, and a hope that they may visit many an untrodden track in the same way, and send back many more pictorial and literary reminiscences of their several 'progresses.'

#### Julian Hawthorne's "Confessions and Criticisms."\*

WHATEVER else may be said of Mr. Julian Hawthorne, he is spicy, writes a fluent English, can say gracefully what he has to say, and has the art of pleasing when he aims to please. Thus he is sure of an audience. He is, moreover, pretty sure of challenging the admiration of one half of his audience by the very audacity of his literary manner. Comparing the son's views as expressed in these subjective essays, with the father's, we cannot help noting how powerfully the elder Hawthorne has magnetized the younger. The latter is not only a bit of the old iron (if we may change a popular phrase a little), but is still so near the old iron that—not unnaturally, and perhaps not unfortunately—he feels a strong tension in its direction. The son's opinions have received a bias that probably he would not, if he could, throw off. Nathaniel Hawthorne was fortunate in having no predecessor of sufficient importance to bear the burden of his failings, if he had any, or to share his glory. The son, as he portrays himself in this volume, is a free lance of unusual alertness and spirit, but with a base of supplies in New England—a product of the Puritans at once, and a wanderer who comes back from time to time for his bearings, but only to make a new start for fresh adventures. We are speaking, of course, of his intellectual movements. The reader cannot help liking this mixed personality, without being able always to follow with entire satisfaction the Ishmaelitish mood which is a part of the mixture—a mood which leads Mr. Hawthorne, in these essays, to take service one moment under the banner of modern science and with the enthusiastic 'Spirit of the Age,' and the next moment to offer his services in defence of some old Puritan custom.

Of the eleven essays in this volume, the most delightfully egotistic is the 'Preliminary Confession,' which is the author's report of his own career as a free lance in literature. It is a light, merry and good-natured story of his literary adventures; but under the frolicsome banter with which he pelts himself is to be discovered, the reader guesses, more feeling than the author means to display. The chapter is readable and provoking—all the more readable for being provoking. We find ourselves most in sympathy, and yet not always so, with the essays on 'Novels and Agnosticism,' 'Americanism in Fiction' and 'The Moral Aim in Fiction.' They show a willingness to combat the new realistic movement in fiction, understating the benefits perhaps, but not overstating the dangers, of the movement. Many good Americans

\* Confessions and Criticisms. By Julian Hawthorne. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

will be inclined to take issue with some of these positions. It will be difficult, for instance, to accept his conclusion as to Bret Harte's failure to write a good extended novel. 'Bret Harte,' he says, 'took things as he found them, and he found them disinclined to weave themselves into an elaborate and balanced narrative. He recognizes the deficiency of historic perspective. . . . The conditions of American life, as he saw it, justified a short story, or any number of them, but not a novel; and the fact that he did afterwards attempt a novel only serves to confirm his original position.' Does it? Does it do anything more than prove that Bret Harte's peculiar genius—which was real and strong,—or something in his literary training—which was cramping,—had made an extended story impossible for him? The currents of human life are deep, and in new countries as strong as in old. The men who went to California in 1849 were notably individual, and their individuality had, in most cases, grown on American soil, was marked by the inherited peculiarities of our free system, where every individual atom is given as wide a swing as atoms ever get. This freedom of swing was the great Americanism in them, the one thing which must be portrayed in every large American novel. It was as fully developed, we imagine, in the pioneers of '49 as it will ever be in American life.

It is true, of course, that the mood of the novelist is helped by the good work of predecessors, and our American novelists have had no predecessors. All the original material, however, is before them, unworked, as much as Homer's material lay at hand for him, or Chaucer's and Shakespeare's for them. We are to suppose that these writers had no predecessors in their own countries any more than Nathaniel Hawthorne had in America. The bee-hunter finds a clew to the honeycomb, and is generally thankful that no man has been there before him. The great thing for him to consider is whether he has a market that will take wild honey. Wordsworth made his own public, and Hawthorne his—slowly and with difficulty; and in each instance the new public likes the new wild honey. One is disposed, in America, to look for our failure to produce a national novelist elsewhere than in our lack of established social conditions of a European pattern. Is it not that the genius of the nation has been turned into other channels by pioneer necessities? Is it not that a new form has to be sought for the novel, not only in America but elsewhere, to suit a new mood of civilization? The old forms are passing away. Experiments are going on looking to the creation of a new, but up to the present without entire success. We are not satisfied as yet with Tourguenéff or Tolstoi, with James or Howells, however deeply indebted we are to these men for the rare work done by them. There seems to be needed a more hopeful genius than any we have yet found to develop the wholesome aspect of that freer swing of the atoms which make the deep and abiding strength of American institutions.

While we quite agree with Mr. Hawthorne that we have here in America, as they have elsewhere, a 'right to all human nature for novelistic purposes,' and that 'our inheritance transcends all geographical definitions,' while, with him, we are not disposed to 'refuse to breathe the air of Heaven lest there be something European or Asian in it,' the reader of this will see how difficult we find it to accept his position that 'there is in America no such thing as a fixed and settled condition of society, not subject to change itself, and therefore affording a foundation and contrast to minor or individual vicissitudes.'

#### Joseph Cook's "Orient."\*

THIS is a characteristic volume. It consists of a portrait of the lecturer, a grandiose dedication, an introduction of five pages descriptive of the Boston Monday Lectureship,

\* Orient. By Joseph Cook. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

a list of cities visited in Mr. Cook's tour of the world, an excellent table of contents (in which are analyzed six lectures, six preludes and five appendices), the text of three hundred and forty pages, with four pages of advertisements and critical notices of Mr. Cook's Boston Monday Lectures, which in this volume number from one hundred and fifty-seven to one hundred and sixty-two. Mr. Cook's tour, as well as his lectures and methods of publishing, are 'personally conducted.' His hand is seen in them all, both circuits and courses, and publications; and this his latest book has the same merits and faults as any and all of his nine preceding volumes. The furnace and boiler of this Leviathan digester seem never to cool. The books, newspapers, printed and manuscript matter on all subjects of public interest disappear as in a hopper, and emerge in new forms as lecture, prelude, interlude, answer; or, again as books. The flavor and reminiscence of Tremont Temple is preserved, by bracketing in the 'laughter,' 'applause,' etc., of the bygone days of delivery. The six lectures now before us in the book-covers were delivered two years ago. They refer to Palestine, Egypt and Islam, Advanced Thought in India, Keshub Chunder Sen and Hindu Theism, Woman's Work for Woman in Asia, Japan, the Self-Reformed Hermit Nation, Australia, the Pacific Ocean, and International Reforms. The preludes are mostly on religious subjects, and of the five appendices two relate to Japan. For all to whom Mr. Cook's often inflated style is not offensive, these lectures are stimulating and informing. In any event, they are well worthy of publication. A more generous reference to authorities by the author would not hurt his reputation for originality, and would stifle the suspicion that his method sometimes suggests plagiarism. Further, does Mr. Cook himself rightly appraise his own work, when he sends forth a volume of such miscellaneous contents without an index? So excellently furnished otherwise, this book and the others of the series should give a handy grip to the science of the Monday lectureship.

#### Minor Notices.

ONE cannot but regard with profoundest interest the Seventh Annual Report of the Archaeological Institute of America issued a short time ago. This is one of the youngest and most vigorous organizations of later years in this country, and it is, we think, destined to do abundant and admirable work. Thus far the Institute numbers 400 members, with 297 annual members and an income for next year of about \$3,000. It has branch societies in Boston, Baltimore and New York, and its work is destined to embrace not only the whole Mediterranean basin, with Asia Minor, but also includes Mexico and Central America, in which Mr. Bandelier and others have initiated most promising researches. Connected with it as one of its happiest outgrowths is the new and growing American School of Ancient Art and Archaeology at Athens, and the recently founded American *Journal of Archaeology*, with Prof. Frothingham as editor. Rich results have already flowed from the Assos Expedition undertaken under its auspices, and soon surprising consequences are expected from Mr. Haynes's photographic reproductions of Hittite sculptures and inscriptions from the valley-regions of Antioch, Marash and Aintab. The fortunate concentration of forces evinced by this harmonious working-together cannot but be productive of the highest good and the happiest results to the science of archaeology; and America may well be proud that so much generous self-sacrifice, munificence and interest as are shown in this Report have been devoted to so abstruse and unutilitarian a subject.

'TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH' is one of Catherine Owen's admirable cook-books, written in the form of a story, but giving minute and practical details as to all that she claims can be done for two people in the way of housekeeping for ten dollars a week. She gives figures as well as recipes, and proves her theory mathematically true. It is the best feature of the book that it aims, not only at economy, but at daintiness, the result being to prove not merely what you can do for ten dollars, but what you would like to do. Its object is to show the wisdom of young girls attending the excellent cooking-schools which teach how to make drudgery agreeable and luxury practical. (Cassell & Co).—'PINGLETON,' by Talbot Burke, is a rather clever and ingenious account of 'Queer

People I have Met'. (New York: W. T. Burke & Co.) The 'queer people' are two rural gentlemen who visit New York for the first time, their cicerone through the city being the man who chronicles their adventures. Their experience of 'larks,' of city hospitals, police courts, Wall Street, yachting, fishing, etc., are given with a good deal of humor; nor do we mean by a good deal any such prevarication as satisfied the conscience of Mr. Pingleton himself after the fishing excursion on which he truthfully assured his friends he had caught a 'good eel.'

'A SIGNAL SUCCESS,' by Martha J. Coston (Lippincott), is a unique and entertaining volume, the signal success being the success of the Coston night signals, invented by the young army officer who died before he had thoroughly carried out his ideas, but who left behind him a spirited young wife, whose life has been devoted to perfecting his plans. She here tells, in a volume that reads like a romance, the story of her efforts, after the signals were proved effectual, to introduce them to various governments. Her reports of the interviews she has had with distinguished people at home and abroad are very readable, and the background of historic truth and inventive genius makes the whole a fascinating book. The Coston signals were of great use in the War, and they are of great benefit in the Life-Saving Service; while on one Arctic expedition they proved invaluable in scaring away the wolves. The reader must not be discouraged by an extremely foolish introduction to the book from another pen, which might easily scare a sensible person from attempting the book itself.

WM. R. JENKINS has lately added two new volumes to his French series: one—Erckmann-Chatrian's 'L'Ami Fritz'—to the excellent collection of Romans Choisis, the other—Edmond About's 'Le Buste'—to the Contes Choisis Series. The former is perhaps the masterpiece of its authors and is, like nearly all their joint works, admirably adapted to use in college. Any one who knows the charm of Edmond About's style will welcome 'Le Buste.'—PHILIPPE DARYL, known by his numerous contributions to the literature of travel, has written a new book, called 'La Petite Lambton,' in which he describes scenes from Parisian life. He calls his very miscellaneous works 'La Vie Partout,' and in them he includes sketches of public and of yachting life in England, pencilings-by-the-way of what he calls 'Berlin Manners,' a volume on 'Le Monde Chinois,' and a collection of illustrations of Russian life. He is the translator into French of Gordon's letters to his sister, and author of a biographical *étude* of the eccentric General. (Paris: J. Hetzel & Co.)

IT WILL be information to many people that there is anything in this country corresponding in meaning to the British Victoria Cross, 'Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor,' by Gen. Theodore F. Rodenbough, with portraits and other illustrations (Putnam), gives an account of some of the deeds for which the medal has been awarded. The Medal of Honor for the Army was first established by a law approved in 1862, by which the President was authorized to have 2000 medals prepared, and presented by Congress to such non-commissioned officers and privates as distinguished themselves by special gallantry.—A GOOD record, well made, is offered in Mr. B. C. Skottowe's 'Short History of Parliament' (Harper), from the Saxon folk-mote to these days of Gladstone and Parnell, when English Parliamentary history is making so rapidly. A book of the sort was needed by those lacking time, opportunity or inclination for abstruse researches in the English alcoves of great libraries; and Mr. Skottowe's pages are worthy of their modest plan.—FOLLOWING the plan of his 'Five-minute Declamations' and 'Five-Minute Recitations,' Walter K. Fobes now publishes a little book of 'Five-Minute Readings' (Lee & Shepard). The selections, in prose and verse, are from well-known authors.—'THE Mournful Ballad of Isaac Abbott' is a ballad of Hartford which for more than a hundred years has been handed down by tradition alone. It is now published with the original air, and with comic illustrations by E. P. Cranch. (Robert Clarke & Co.)

### Boston Letter.

SOME day a supplemental chapter may be added to 'The Curiosities of Literature' on 'The Vicissitudes of Electrotype.' In a recent number of one of the magazines there is an article on Putney, the picturesque suburb of London from which the University boat-race is started, and among the illustrations is one of a group of ancient buildings to which the title 'Old Houses in Putney' is attached. Now I happen to know Putney very well, having lived near by; and though I have often explored its highways and byways, I could not remember any such houses as those in the picture. Still, they seemed in a manner familiar, and I fretted at

having lost sight of so interesting a building, for, as Irving says of himself, 'I am somewhat of an antiquity hunter and fond of exploring London in quest of relics of old times.' The electrotype was badly printed and very much worn, and as I scrutinized it more carefully I detected a blurred sign over the door bearing these words: 'In this house the immortal Shakspeare was born.' In brief, it was not a picture which had anything to do with Putney, but was of Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, and had done service again and again in editions of the poet's works, in biographies, geographies, souvenirs, guide-books and histories of England. Its appearance under a new name as a subject very different from what it was originally meant to be did not surprise me much, for I have learned some of the tricks of the book-makers' trade, but I was struck by the possible complications to which it might give rise in the Shakspearian controversy of the future. Where was Shakspeare born? For centuries that disappointing little town on the Avon, with its barnacle-like dependence for its existence on the interest in his name, has been accepted as the place of his nativity, though the question whether it was in Henley Street or in another house which his father owned in the neighborhood has been ruffled by doubt. But another century vanishes; the tricks of book-making, as we know them, are abandoned; the scrupulous publisher of the period (let us put it a hundred years hence) never dreams of using a picture of the staked plains as a view of the Libyan desert, or of making a portrait of the Duke of Parma answer for the counterfeit presentment of Sir Walter Raleigh. Then comes the mousing and indefatigable Shakspearian scholar, who one day uncovers from the dusty shelf a volume of this magazine of which I am speaking; and when he looks it over, the ecstasy of discovery fills him as he sees the old electrotype and recognizes himself as the pioneer of a new Shakspearian theory. Shakspeare was not born at Stratford at all, but at Putney! Think how history may be unsettled in this way!

I suppose, however, that not half the picture-books that load the booksellers' counters in the holiday season could be sold at the price set upon them if their 'embellishments' were not second-hand. Old bonnets are made over, old dresses dyed, old ships redecked and rechristened, old dinners rehashed, old sermons tagged on to new texts. Is it not too much to expect that woodcuts should be exempt from such common thrift? Sometime ago I saw a historic account of the university boat-races of Oxford and Cambridge, the frontispiece to which was a picture reproduced from Cassell's History of England. In the latter work it had done duty as 'King Edgar rowed on the Dee by tributary princes;' in the former it stood as a picture of 'the first university boat-race!' In another instance a picture of a 'fight between Templars and Alsatians during the reign of James I.' reappears in a later work as an illustration of the 'Lord George Gordon riots.'

The making of illustrated books for the holiday season is a little-known phase of literary labor—that is, speaking not of such costly and sumptuous books as 'The Last Leaf' or 'The Blessed Damozel,' but of the mass of profusely illustrated 'juveniles' which appear in rainbow-hued covers between October and December. The publisher gathers his electrotypes from all quarters in advance (anything at all in the way of a picture will do), and puts them into the hands of one of those experienced scribblers who, though they may never do great things, always write up to a certain standard. Then the book is written, incidents being invented and allusions introduced which will justify and supplement the unrelated illustrations. Perhaps all the pictures except one are of inland scenery, the exception being a view of 'the coast.' In that case the book-maker must have some line upon which to hang his solitary marine, and it is enough if he says: 'These dwellers of the interior, among whom our story passes, know little of the rock-bound cliffs that girt our Eastern coast.' That, perhaps, is the only reference to the sea in the book, and it is supposed to lend appropriateness to a picture which would otherwise be incongruous.

Has THE CRITIC any readers who are unacquainted with the 'South-Sea Idyls' of Charles Warren Stoddard, which were published ten or a dozen years ago? I think it is out of print now, but those who have read it must remember it as one of those infrequent books which give literature a fresh voice and reveal a new capacity in familiar words. The voice was so strong and fresh that ever since the publication of 'South-Sea Idyls,' which made us feel the lazy sunshine of Tahiti, and filled our nostrils with the scent of the orange-flowers and our ears with the music of the sea breaking along the coral-reefs, we have looked for new work from the same author, with the exceptional interest which a unique quality in literature always excites. But Mr. Stoddard has given us little since then: a series of letters from abroad to the San Francisco *Chronicle* pervaded by the same charm of easy and expressive diction, of unforced and tremulous humor and of delicate fancy which distinguished the 'Idyls'; a stray story or a poem in the

magazines; occasional sketches in *The Argonaut*—these, I think, complete the list. 'A dreamer lives forever.' Mr. Stoddard is evidently a believer in one of Boyle O'Reilly's poetic creeds, and has not been tempted by applause to enter into a race with the constant producers who fill the magazines and the libraries. He is a wanderer as well as a dreamer, and is constantly turning up in unexpected places. When I was in San Francisco seven years ago, he was the idol of a set of artists who gathered at The Bohemian Club; then he went to the Sandwich Islands and remained there so long and was so contented with the simple life he was living, harassed by the cares or ambitions which he abhors, that I supposed that he would never willingly exchange the bread-fruit and airy vesture of that perpetual summer-land for the flesh-pots of our prosaic civilization. Two or three years ago, however, I learned that he had been appointed Professor of English Literature at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the choice having been made on the principle that a teacher who can reveal the soul of a book to his class is better than the man whose only recommendations are syntax and history. His methods were original, but they were no doubt effective, and while the Faculty were amply satisfied with his services, he became immensely popular with the students. But another change has now taken place in his changeable career. He was attacked by malaria, and the doctors having persuaded him to leave Notre Dame, he is now sojourning at Covington, Ky. 'I was so used up when I left the college,' he writes to me, 'that for some months I felt as if I would never recover, but the loving care of my good friends here, and the unspeakable purity of the Kentucky whiskey, coupled with some weeks of absolute rest and the absence of responsibility, have pulled me through nicely.'

I hear that the title of Dr. Holmes's new series of papers which will begin in the March *Atlantic* is not 'One Hundred Days in Europe,' as announced in some quarters, but 'Our One Hundred Days,' the intention being to suggest the activity and varied scenes of Napoleon's one hundred days between Elba and Waterloo. The series will be continued as long as the Doctor's material holds out, and will probably make a future volume. The March *Atlantic* will also contain a lyric called 'Fact or Fiction?' by Mr. Lowell. It was suggested by his hearing a cuckoo clock strike thirty. How these two names—Holmes and Lowell—stand out still unclipped in any list of the contents of *The Atlantic*! Mr. Lowell, by the way, is dividing his time between New York and Southboro, Mass., where he has a home with his married daughter, Mrs. Burnett. He is busy at work on his 'Hawthorne,' a volume which will appear in the American Men-of-Letters Series. I had a note from Wilkie Collins a few days ago, telling me that he has been suffering from his old ailment, rheumatic gout, which periodically disables him. When I saw him last summer he was as vivacious as ever, and as resolute as ever in his disbelief in the vitality of the modern novel of introspection. Apropos of this, Miss Braddon has a clever paragraph in her last book, one of the characters in which is a fashionable lady novelist, who when she is asked what her plot is, replies:

Plot, my dear soul, nothing so *démode* as a novel with a plot nowadays. . . . My novel is a novel of character—my chief incidents, well—a little look in the twilight—eyes meeting eyes across the deck of a steamer off Alexandria, or in a church at Venice—an angry word in the second volume—a fan dropped and picked up in the third. Those are the three central points—the three piers of the bridge—for the rest touch and go. . . . Wit, satire, sentiment, introspection, self-communing, sparkle and play of words, lighter than thistle-down.

Perhaps I am carrying coals to Newcastle in telling you that the March *St. Nicholas* will contain a sketch of the boyhood of T. B. Aldrich, and that the April *Brooklyn Magazine*, which from that issue becomes *The American Magazine*, will contain an article on 'Literary Life in Boston,' profusely illustrated, especially with portraits of our younger men. Ticknor & Co. will publish soon a new novel by the author of 'Margaret Kent,' the title of which is 'Sons and Daughters.' It is described to me as an old-fashioned love story, and all the scenes are in the neighborhood of Germantown, Philadelphia. The same firm will publish on the 25th a school edition of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' edited by W. J. Rolfe and illustrated with pictures from the holiday edition of the poem. This will be the fiftieth volume Mr. Rolfe has brought out in uniform style. The series of English Classics of the Harpers includes forty-three of them (forty of Shakspeare, and one each of Gray, Goldsmith and Browning) and the Ticknors' 'Students Series,' seven (three of Tennyson, three of Scott, and one of Byron). His name appears also on about a dozen other books, scientific or popular, and is always accepted as a guarantee of intelligent, judicious and careful editing. Another work on the forthcoming list of Ticknor & Co. is a new edition of 'Happy Dodd,' a story by Rose Terry Cooke. Lee & Shepard have in press 'Hints on Writing and Speech-making,' by Col. T. W. Higginson, and 'Moral

Philosophy,' a series of lectures, by Dr. Andrew Peabody. They also intend to issue a new edition of 'The Legend of Thomas Didymus,' by James Freeman Clarke. This is a story with a purpose. It gives a thorough view of the world as it was when Christ came—the results of the most recent studies of German and French savans, and of original investigations by the author concerning the life of the Saviour, interpreting anew difficult texts in the gospels and showing the human side of that wonderful life as it may have appeared to 'careless Romans, bigoted Jews and open-minded men and women.' Through Lee & Shepard I hear of our literary consul at Glasgow, Mr. F. H. Underwood, who has recently taken a house at Stirling, where he is hard at work on a course of lectures and a series of articles on American literature, which will appear in *Good Words*. 'I never did more work in my life,' he writes, 'than during the last two months at Stirling.'

BOSTON, January 17th, 1887.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

### Major Walter and his Washington Portraits.

ABOUT five years ago—in March, 1882—one Major Walter brought from England to the United States, and exhibited in New York, certain portraits of Washington and his wife which were attributed to James Sharples, who is said to have been born in England in 1751, to have come to this country and painted portraits of the Washingtons in 1796, and to have died in Philadelphia in 1811. The paintings were displayed, and photographs of them sold, in a private club-house in this city. Upon the pictures themselves, and the methods employed in pushing them into notice, we expressed our views at the time as follows:

The position assumed by the person guilty of this piece of vulgarity in regard to the portraits is, that they belong to an English family (his own?) and are not for sale. They are merely loaned to Washington City and New York for the privilege of seeing them. But photographs of them can be bought. Quackery this looks like, and quackery it probably is. At any rate, the condition of the pictures, notwithstanding the eulogy of them which appeared in one of the most respectable of our evening papers, does not support the claim of the 'family.' It is likely enough that a respectable family of England may have had in its possession for many years these very pictures, and believed them to be the work of James Sharpless (or Sharples), from the life. But it does not follow that they are genuine. Should they be really by James Sharpless, and not by his son, Felix, or some other less possible person, the pictures we now look at are still modern. For they are palpably recent in canvases and paint. Suppose their pedigree can be made out, what then? They are merely portraits relined and painted over, and like the Old Ironsides may have somewhere under the planking of the stern, a timber of the original; but that timber is out of sight. There is nothing in the portraits to show why a painter of ordinary skill should not have made them ten or twenty years ago from engravings of Washington. It appears that similar portraits were brought here about 1854, and these are said to be they.

Washington Irving believed them to be genuine. Supposing Mr. Irving to have been a judge, of which no proof exists in his writings, are these the same paintings exhibited before the New York Historical Society? There are members of that society living who remember the exhibition perfectly well. But it is highly unlikely that any can be found who would swear to the identity. But, after all, the matter is a minor one. As works of art they are very inferior. As likenesses, judging from Houdon, Gilbert Stuart and Trumbull, they are not remarkable. There remains a kind of dignity and quiet, which they undoubtedly possess, but which is not important enough to make them valuable.

Since these words were written, the portraits have revisited England; but they are again in America, and, having been exhibited in Boston and Philadelphia, are now offered to the National Government. It is not likely, however, that they will be so disposed of; and what makes it extremely doubtful is a report presented last week by a Committee (of which Francis Parkman, the historian, is Chairman) appointed by the Massachusetts Historical Society to determine their historical value. 'The evidence that such pictures were painted by Sharples,' Mr. Parkman, speaking for the Committee, states, 'is contained mainly in a letter bearing Washington's signature; in extracts from letters ascribed to Sharples himself; and in a letter signed by Robert Cary.' These letters are believed to be spurious, and to bear a

striking resemblance in style to the acknowledged compositions of Major Walter himself. The Committee report as follows upon certain remarkable changes in the color of General and Lady Washington's eyes since their last previous visit to this country :

When in 1882 the three portraits were exhibited in the Boston Art Museum, it was observed that the eyes of the full-face portrait of Washington were brown. The Curator, Mr. Charles G. Loring, struck by this error, directed to it the attention of his assistant, Miss Gray, and of various other persons. When the portraits returned to America in 1886 the eyes were blue. Accordingly, while the autotypes copyrighted in 1882 show the eyes as nearly black, the autotype in Major Walter's recent book shows them as almost white. When Major Walter was desired to explain this remarkable change, he replied that the blue came out in consequence of wiping the dirt from the picture and applying a coat of varnish; but we have it on the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Loring that when the picture was in his keeping it was in excellent condition, with no dirt to be removed and no need of varnish. In the profile of Washington, as well as the full-face, the eyes, which were brown in 1882, are blue in 1886. Curiously enough, Mr. Arthur Dexter observed when the pictures were at the museum that while the eyes of Washington were brown, instead of blue, those of his wife were blue instead of brown. Whether or not the three Washington portraits were based on drawings made from life by Sharples, this transposition of color betrays the hand of one who had forgotten or who never saw the essential features of his subject. Another peculiarity alluded to is that Major Walter's full-face portrait is that of a man in the prime of life, whereas Sharples never saw Washington till he was an old man, and did not paint his portrait till 1796, only two years before his death.

### Prof. Edward Livingston Youmans.

PROF. E. L. YOUNMANS, editor of *The Popular Science Monthly*, died of consumption, at his home in the Knickerbocker Flats, No. 247 Fifth Avenue, on Tuesday last. He had not been well for a year, and for six months had been confined to the house. Prof. Youmans was born at Coeymans, N. Y., on June 3d, 1821. Soon after, his parents removed to Saratoga. At the age of thirteen he was attacked by ophthalmia, and remained blind for some years. His defective sight greatly hampered him in his scientific studies, and would have proved a heavier handicap but for the devoted assistance of his sister, Miss Anne Eliza Youmans, who is herself known as a writer for children on botany and related subjects. He studied medicine, and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Vermont, but never practised as a physician. The title by which he was popularly known came from his acceptance, in 1866, of the Chair of Chemistry at Antioch College. For nearly forty years he was intimately associated with the house of D. Appleton & Co., whiuh he induced to publish the works of foreign scientists, and pay for them—a somewhat novel proposition when he first advanced it. In 1871 the Appletons began the publication of the International Scientific Series, which he had projected, the works being issued in New York, London, Paris and Leipzig, with a subsequent extension of the system to Milan and St. Petersburg. Fifty-seven volumes have been published, and the authors are paid from the sales in all countries. In 1872 *The Popular Science Monthly* was established at his instance, and he has edited it ever since. Prof. Youmans was the author of a well-known 'Class-Book of Chemistry' (1852), 'Alcohol and the Constitution of Man' (1853), 'The Chemical Atlas,' with text (1855), 'The Handbook of Household Science' (1857), 'The Correlation and Conservation of Forces' (1864) and 'The Culture Demanded by Modern Life' (1867), each of the last two being a compilation with an introduction, and the last containing an original lecture on 'The Scientific Study of Human Nature.' As a lecturer his chief subjects were 'The Chemistry of the Sunbeam' and 'The Dynamics of Life.' He was a warm personal friend of Herbert Spencer, whom he introduced to the American public, and to a great extent to the British public as well; and was acquainted with all the leading scientific workers of the United States and Europe. He was a man of noble qualities, and will be sadly missed from his place in the world. His father and mother survive him, at a great age; and so does his sister, mentioned above, and his younger brother, Mr. William J. Youmans, who has long been associated with him in the editorial conduct of *The Popular Science Monthly*. He leaves no children.

PROF. S. P. LANGLEY, of the Allegheny Observatory, Pittsburgh, has received from the Royal Society of London the Rumford Medal for discoveries in light and heat. It is of gold, and is accompanied with a *fac-simile* of itself in silver.

### The Lounger

THE CRITIC recently published an essay by a Canadian writer who lamented the dearth of novelists in Canada, where he said there is unlimited material awaiting the pen of the enchanter. It appears, however, that Canada has a novelist who is not wholly without honor in his own country, and has received flattering recognition from abroad. I refer to William Kirby, author of 'Le Chien d'Or,' to whom Lord Tennyson has written to say that few novels have given him more pleasure than the one in question, and that he would like to write a poem on the subject the author has treated in prose. The romance is published in English in Lovell's Library, and has been well translated into French by the French Canadian poet Pamphile de May, with whose compatriots it is very popular. Lord Tennyson, by the way, seems to have a weakness for Canadian writers. Mr. Dawson, the Montreal publisher who wrote an admirable study of 'The Princess' a few years ago, received a long and valuable letter from the Laureate, which appeared in a second edition of the 'Study,' and was afterwards reprinted in this paper.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE has staunch friends upon the press of this city. No matter what is done up there by management or artists, it is all right. If a singer sings a whole opera out of tune, no mention is made of the fact; if a tenor long past his prime is imported, we are asked not to think of his voice, but to admire his impassioned acting. One might infer from this that the critics were a 'loyal legion,' did they not so often change the object of their idolatry. Some grand work has been done, and is doing, at the Metropolitan Opera House; and yet there have been, and still are, notable shortcomings in some of the performances given there. On Friday night of last week, Beethoven's 'Fidelio' was sung, and in a difficult duet for tenor and soprano, Herr Niemann and Frl. Brandt lost themselves, and after a vain struggle to get right again, stopped short, so that Herr Seidl had to lay down his baton and let the performance come to a stand-still.

NEXT DAY the newspapers laid before their readers the story of a laugh—of a loud, penetrating, vulgar Laugh, which was laughed in one of the boxes, and which so disconcerted the musicians that they were forced to stop short in their duet—Frl. Brandt to weep tears of vexation, and Herr Niemann to do what men are supposed to do when they are angry. I happened to be at the opera on this now historic occasion, and I sat on the side of the house from which the Laugh is said to have proceeded; yet I did not hear it: I heard nothing but the idle chatter that issues nightly from the boxes at the Metropolitan—an unmitigated nuisance to persons near at hand, no doubt, but hardly an excuse for slips and trips on the part of the performers. I did not hear the Laugh that night, but I have heard a great deal of it since, for it has been in every body's mouth.

THE SUN says that the exclamation 'Hurrah! hurrah! we'll have a shivaree!' has been recently attributed to the Hon. L. O. C. Lamar by the Chicago Tribune, and asks 'What is a shivaree?' Turning to the story of 'Jean-ah Poquelin' in Mr. Cable's delightful collection of Louisiana sketches called 'Old Creole Days,' I find the following dialogue between 'little White' and the Creoles: "What is it you call this thing where an old man marries a young girl, and you come out with horns and"—"Charivari?" asked the Creoles. "Yes, that's it. Why don't you shivaree him?" Bienvenue, in the story, calls it 'Chahivahi'; but little White persists in mispronouncing the word in his own way, and reports to his wife that the crowd have 'gone down to shivaree the old Dutchwoman who married her stepdaughter's sweetheart.' Perhaps little White is a contributor to the Chicago Tribune.

THE PERORATION of Mr. Lowell's Harvard Address was a eulogy of President Cleveland—a man whom 'the sons of Harvard,' no matter what their political faith, could unite in admiring for his 'courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty'—his ability 'to withstand the *civium ardor prava jubentium*.' In his article on General Grant, in the first number of *Murray's Magazine*, Matthew Arnold praises the dead hero as a man possessing 'the virtue, rare everywhere, but more rare in America, perhaps, than anywhere else—the virtue of being able to confront and resist popular clamor, the *civium ardor prava jubentium*.' It is a striking coincidence that the English and the American scholar should have employed precisely the same phrase in describing the two men. It calls attention to the resemblance of the later to the earlier President in his simplicity and strength of character; and the fact that Mr. Lowell was felt to have spoken a true word, as well as an eloquent one, when he credited Cleveland with the quality for which Grant is

so justly admired, tends to weaken the indictment of the American people which accompanies Mr. Arnold's compliment to the leader of our armies. If the ability to withstand the *civium ardor prava jubentium* be so rare in the United States, it is surprising that its possession should be the most striking attribute of two Presidents—one a civil, the other a military leader—whose terms of office were separated by so brief an interval as eight years.

THE members of that convivial and artistic organization, the Tile Club, conceal their identity, when they appear in print, behind more or less descriptive sobriquets. Few people outside of the Club know whom these titles represent, so for the benefit of those who have read, or purpose reading, the beautiful 'Book of the Tile Club,' I will give the key to some of them. The Puritan is George H. Boughton, the Owl F. Hopkinson Smith, the Bishop Wm. Gedney Bunce, the Griffin R. Swain Gifford, the Eagle George W. Maynard, the Pagan Elihu Vedder, the Bulgarian F. D. Millet, the Builder Stanford White, the Chestnut Edwin A. Abbey and the Saint, Augustus St. Gaudens. The Boarder, Mr. Truslow, is an outsider and does not belong to the guild of artists.

### Poets and Poetry in America.\*

[*The Quarterly Review*. Continued from *THE CRITIC* of January 15th.]

Bryant is the first in order of time of the American landscape-poets, the pioneer of American descriptive poetry. Born in 1794, he gained an unique position, which he owed more to the absence of formidable rivals than to his range of poetic gifts. His taste is formed on the English classical school. He reproduces their repose, their finish, their clearness and precision of expression, together with their lack of warmth and rapture. Like them he dwells on the broad aspects, not the minute details of nature; like them he works with a large brush and not an etching-pen; his fancy like theirs is not brilliant, but his breadth of treatment often helps him to create a striking image. Not a man of quick and vivacious sympathies, but severe and self-restrained, he seemed impervious to other impressions than those of Nature. Though fashions altered, he never changed the severe classic garb in which he first wooed the Muse. With rare exceptions, he continued throughout his long career to use the same measures which he first employed in 'Thanatopsis' and the 'Water-fowl.' Blank verse is the metre which he made peculiarly his own, and which he employed for his translation of Homer. From his poetry it would be concluded that he stood entirely aloof from active interests, and studied life only in the abstract. But this was not the case. He found in contemplative poetry his only relaxation from incessant journalistic work, his sole avenue of escape from practical affairs.

Poets of inanimate nature may be philosophical, descriptive, or romantic. From Nature, Wordsworth drew divine lessons, and Goethe spiritual refreshment; Keats gave us, we know not how, a new and deeper sense of outward beauty; Byron regarded wild nature as the background of wild life. There was in Bryant no tinge of romance, nor did he possess that magical touch which belongs to a richly sensuous nature. Like Wordsworth, he is a poet of the philosophical school. He reminds us, not of Wordsworth only, but of Akenside and Cowper. Yet he is no imitator. He uses the form of verse which he found ready to hand, but he clothes the frame with new material. The similarity of substance arises from congeniality of mind. Passages in his poetry might have been written by his English predecessors, because they are marked by the same strain of pensive melancholy, the same quiet beauty and reflective calm, the same purity of thought, the same unforced felicity of expression. But he has his own individuality, though it is of an unpretending kind. He knows his own powers; his aim is not high, but it is sure. A close observer of Nature, he paints the general features of the country in a broad simple style. English descriptive poetry treats of hills, groves, wolds, and lakes. But Bryant is the first to give the hushed solitude of the forest. At times he describes the minuter traits of bird or floral life. But he has little of that microscopic accuracy which gives to modern descriptive poets their precision of colouring. The 'yellow violet' is not scented, and exhales no 'faint perfume' upon the 'virgin air.'

His verse has an autumnal tinge: it receives its sombre colouring from a mind rather occupied with the destiny and general aspects of life than with its details and present needs. His poetry is so detached from human interest as to be oppressive in its quietude, filled with the silence of nature. His apostrophes of woods and rivers and winds are not paens of joy, but fall with the solemn cadence of an anthem heard in the aisles of an empty cathedral.

\*. The Poetical Works of Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Harte, Miller, Whitman. 2. The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. London, 1886. 3. The Poets of America. By E. C. Stedman. London, 1885.

So far as sympathy with man is concerned, his domain is not the low-lying level of human sentiment, but the region of perpetual untrdden snow. Lowell truly, but severely, says:—

If he stirs you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

Men rendered to Bryant the homage due to his poetic genius and moral character. Both were classical; he has the severe taste and austere dignity of a Roman Republican. In no other sense than that of a descriptive poet did he represent the nation. Whittier, on the other hand, represents vividly and adequately the interest and character of a section of the people. Mr. Stedman tells a story that, after the conclusion of the Civil War, the question was mooted, 'Who is the best American poet?' 'Horace Greeley replied with the name of Whittier, and his judgment was at once approved by all present.' Judged simply as a poet, the estimate appears exaggerated. No wide field of nature was open to Whittier; he is not catholic in his sympathies, nor rich in historical imagination, nor abundant in the quality of suggestiveness. His fluency is fatal to him: he rarely knows when to stop; he says in many words what would be better said in few. His artistic faculty, starved by early training, and checked by his subsequent devotion to political questions, has never reached maturity; repetitions and carelessness often mar his best passages. His fervor is sometimes only noisy; he carries the habit of pious exhortation to excess; he is a preacher and a reformer, but seldom a conscious artist. He has little mastery of the technicalities of versification; his metrical range is limited, his chimes are singularly monotonous; his poems, at their best, are simple airs. He falls below both Longfellow and Lowell. 'Snowbound' holds its own with 'Evangeline'; but 'Mogg Megone' is no rival to 'Hiawatha.' As a poet of domestic or European politics he is greatly inferior to Lowell. The 'Biglow Papers' or 'Villa Franca' far surpass 'Voices of Freedom,' or the 'Peace of Europe.'

It another sense Greeley's estimate is just. Whittier is the most home-bred of American poets. No one is more racy of the soil; in no other poetry does the foreigner smell so strongly the scent of newly-upturned land: in none is there traced so characteristic a picture of the domestic life of New England homesteads. There is about Whittier's verse

A certain freshness of the fields,  
A sweetness as of home-made bread.

A farmer's son,

Proud of field lore and harvest craft, and feeling  
All their fine possibilities,

experience gave him that power of landscape-painting which no book-lore can supply. He is the Burns of New England; 'Snowbound' is the American 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' But he cannot with more justice be said to represent America than could Burns be called the representative poet of Great Britain and Ireland. Greeley's estimate shows that American critics recognize the want of characteristic pictures of home-life which we have endeavoured to indicate.

A born poet, Whittier would have earlier developed his artistic faculty but for his devotion to the Abolitionist cause. He had already begun to work the rich mine of New England legends when there came to him the call, as he himself sings of Summer—

'Forego thy dream of lettered ease,  
Put thou the scholar's promise by,  
The rights of man are more than these.'  
He heard and answered, 'Here am I.'

The cost was not slight. In 1833 it meant social ostracism and literary martyrdom. As Garrison was the apostle, and Wendell Phillips the orator, so this Quaker Körner became the laureate of the Abolitionists.

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given  
For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven;  
No slave hunt in our borders, no pirate on our strand,  
No fetters in the Bay State—no slaves upon our land.

To the cause of freedom the chivalrous philanthropist sacrificed his literary future. Up to 1865 poetry was, as he himself wrote, 'something episodical, something apart from the real object and aim of my life.' He has given promise of what he might have achieved had his life been spent, like his later years, in repose. To this later period belongs his best poetry. 'Maud Müller,' which might have been told in half its length, is associated with his name in England: but it is greatly inferior in spirit and sentiment to such true poems as 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' 'Barbara Frietchie,' or 'Snowbound.'

It is in no spirit of harsh criticism that we have pointed out Whittier's artistic deficiencies. The cause to which his literary

future was sacrificed was worthy of the noble-hearted Quaker poet whom Longfellow thus addressed in 'Three Silences' :-

O thou whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come, and in whose thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury! Thou too hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates  
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred.

Emerson's fragments are rich in that quality of suggestiveness in which Whittier is deficient. To him, more than to any other single man, America owes her intellectual independence. Channing preceded him in the field; but it was Emerson's voice that stirred the blood of young America like a bugle-call to join the crusade against utilitarianism and tradition, to rely on intuitions, to trust instincts rather than authority. His lecture at Harvard in 1838 forms a landmark in the history of American thought. He pointed with confidence to the future from which Carlyle turned fretfully away: the one is the philosopher of an Old, the other of a New, World. Not content to behold God and Nature through the eyes of the past, he claims for the present an original relation, a poetry not of tradition but of insight, a religion not of history but of revelation. Prone to soar into universals, to deal with abstractions, to suggest indefinite rather than concrete possibilities, he moves in an atmosphere which is often too rarefied for terrestrial beings. His Oriental studies encouraged his mysticism. But cloud castles were his diversion, not his dwelling. A Swedenborg in treating of the ends of life, his rules for its actual conduct have all the practical shrewdness of his age and nation. A platonist idealist, he translates the message of the universe, interprets the Divine inscriptions written in Nature's hieroglyphics, expounds the Vedas of the violet, reads the secrets of the solar track. He sees in the beauty of Nature the expression of God, the herald of the inward and eternal, the symbol of something higher than itself. To him the end and aim of the changes of the phenomenal world is the production of the highest forms of life, the development of humanity, the birth of the man-child who is to be the crown and summit of the whole.

Those who cannot overlook palpable defects of form deny Emerson the title of a poet. But if his uncouth lines are tested by their power to stimulate thought, he must be classed among the greatest. Nor could he be altogether denied the gifts of a singer. At times his verse has the true lyric lilt and melody: at others it hobbles, limps, and stumbles. This combination of success and failure is a puzzling feature. Undoubtedly he failed in art, partly from intentional neglect, partly from mechanical incapacity. He valued the thought more highly than the form, and believed that art, if over-studied, became not an aid but a chain. The almost unnatural strength of the speculative side of his genius overpowered the artistic element. This excess in one direction, and deficiency in the other, partly explains his enigmas, his defiance of grammatical and metrical laws, his want of constructive power. Often his verse is no less difficult to understand than to scan. His keenness of penetrative insight was combined with a carelessness in exhibiting his creations in definite shape. In 'May dreams' there is brilliant fancy, original thought, acute sensibility; but the result remains unsatisfactory from the want of that artistic sense which reduces beautiful images into order, and arranges them to perfection. It might be supposed that he gained nothing from the fetters of verse. In prose he is a poet, and he is free. But in two senses he gained by metrical form. In verse he permits himself a self-revelation which in prose would be egotistical. Verse also aids him to coin his aphorisms. His thought is clarified and distilled to its subtlest essence, and packed into the smallest possible compass. His poetry sparkles with gems in which he has crystallized varied results of discussion, and it is rich in gnomic sayings which give to thought a literary stamp and a portable form. No writer in the English language surpasses Emerson in the power of concentrating the net result in a single phase. Every sentence has the ring of the metal.

His 'Threnody' is a sob of passionate grief. But as a rule his poetry is bloodless, intellectual, not emotional. There is little glow in the midst of the clear, scintillating lights. His verse has the cold beauty of the moon rather than the vital warmth of the sun. He is extraordinarily accurate in his close observation of Nature: he has studied her with the minutest care. Yet the love which he has gathered imparts no bounding impulse to the current of his life; Spring is in his poetry, but it is not in his blood. His descriptive verse has none of the spontaneous delight of Lowell, or the single-hearted rapture of Wordsworth. The wave of feeling seems to subside into calm as it passes through the intellect; the chief part of the man remains outside his descriptions. The keen transcendentalist feels the delight of the sights and sounds of external nature; but the expression of that delight does not saturate his

whole being, absorb every faculty, enlist every sympathy, and without this absolute possession lyric force remains unattainable.

Bryant made his poetic reputation with a vision of Death; Longfellow with a Psalm of Life. Both were artists, not bards; poets of culture, self-criticism, self-measurement. But the inspiration of the former is the clear-cut statuesque grace of marble, of the latter the tenderness and sentiment of romance. Longfellow's verse is as soothing as Emerson's is stimulating. He never tips with light those silent peaks of thought that pierce the sky, but bathes the common highways of life with a sunny Claude-like haze. Like Whittier he is a national poet, but in a different sense. He does not rely, as did 'the wood-thrush of Essex,' on native resources; but, swallow-like, has haunted the gilded eaves of many old-world schools of poetry and thought, and returning brought back summer to a land frost-bound in the dreary winter of Puritanism.

The completeness of his success is measured by the reaction against his fame. He was the pioneer of a wider culture; he enriched the impoverished blood of his people with a love of beauty, of art, and of romance. He created the standard of taste by which he is now condemned as deficient. He enlarged the resources of American refinement by opening to them the treasures of the Old World, and making them joint-heirs in the rich inheritance of the past. By his translations he annexed a new field of literature, which Americans have cultivated with remarkable success. He touched a hidden spring. Americans appreciate, more keenly than any other people, all that is traditional and historical, perhaps because they can look back upon the Middle Ages wrapped in the golden mist of memory, with a feeling of reverence that is dispelled by no daily contact with their errors, ruins, and decay. He appealed to that romantic sentiment which underlies the most realistic natures. He is the poet of the mellow twilight of the past; the poet of courtesy, gentleness, and reverence. His heart was in his work. He strove to give his poetry the influence which time-honoured associations exercise in older countries, to make it supply the correcting force which is provided by diffused education or an Academy, to counteract the tendencies of mammon worship and materialism, to urge his fellow-countrymen upwards as well as onwards.

What are now regarded as Longfellow's shortcomings were the elements of his marvelous success. To be hackneyed was essential for his work. He never flatters his readers with the compliment of obscurity; every line is clear and lucid. Though his verse has not the wine-dark depths of the crystal, it has the clear transparency of glass. He lavishes no ingots of thought, new and strange, drawn from the silent depths of a meditative mind. His imagination loses in sweep, and daring, and vehemence, by his refusal to look away from outward realities. He never attempts to soar into the spirit world; he has none of the frenzy of the bard. But, for these very reasons, he addresses the many, not the few; he makes his way to every home, not merely to the studies of scholars. His cultured compatriots required no additional refinement: Longfellow addressed the class to whom the love of beauty had not penetrated. Neither too high nor too deep for immediate appreciation, he waited for no posthumous fame. His influence was as rapidly gained as it was widely extended. He deals but little in abstractions: he gives his readers definite particulars and fixed quantities. To tragic pomp, consummate grandeur, or the lyric cry he does not pretend. He is the poet of domestic life, the interpreter of the better moods of ordinary men, the singer of commonplace experience. He has a keen, somewhat epicurean sense of beauty, but he never realizes that spirit of beauty which entranced and enthralled the soul of Shelley. To him Love is romance rather than passion, Death pathetic rather than tragic, Life not a mystery to be solved, but a fact to be accepted with cheerful serenity. The ease of execution, the simplicity of the language, may indicate that the thought is not difficult of expression. Yet what other poet has performed the same task with such simple grace, natural flow, and homely felicity? There is something in his verse of which few can catch the secret. It is, as the 'Life of Longfellow,' which lies before us, shows, the free expression of his simple sincere character: none of it is written in the spirit of literary make-believe. Even his tendency to preach and moralize contributed to his success. It illustrated the truth that art, and poetry, and romance are not necessarily the foes of religion; it changed the attitude of Puritanism from hostility to support.

If Longfellow's poetry is sifted, it will yield little ore of deep ethical beauty or profound thought. But though not a great, he is a genuine, poet. He has an accurate perception of his own capacity. His strength lies in narrative, and he puts it forth in poems like 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha' with a simple directness that seldom fails of its effect. 'Evangeline' is an idyll, broad in style, gravely simple, and altogether innocent of theatrical effect. The metre flows on like a slow-moving, brimming stream—

Limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds,  
Smooth as our Charles, when fearing lest he wrong  
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

Upon the vexed question of the hexameter, which Mr. Stedman ably discusses, we have not space to enter. Victory in the argument is secured to scholars so long as the metre retains its classic title, and thereby provokes comparison with the masterpieces of Greece and Rome. For Longfellow the measure possessed peculiar advantages. With his usual artistic tact he removes both 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha' out of the ordinary range of Old World associations by the adoption of a peculiar metre. It is characteristic of the kindly poet that he dwells on the graces rather than on the deformities of colonial and Red Indian life. To American readers these two poems will always appeal more strongly than any other of his longer pieces. But, with all its obvious faults, the 'Golden Legend' appears to us the most powerful and personal of Longfellow's poems. Genuine enthusiasm could alone call up that picturesque pageant of feudal society; it is the attempt of a poet, a student, and a true medievalist, to catch the higher significance which underlay the life of the 'Ages of Faith.'

It is an ungrateful task to dwell upon Longfellow's defects. The range of his genius is narrow; he does not always wear his learning 'lightly as a flower'; his descriptions are composed in the study and are not transcripts of outdoor life; his epithets lack force and vividness. Except in his beautiful sonnets, his language needs condensation. The play of his bright fancy often illuminates his verse; but the power of illustration is repeatedly abused. He is carried away by his passion for making images till he compares external objects to things most remotely and accidentally connected with the original idea. His sympathy is wide rather than deep; he speaks about sorrow rather than to it; his consolation is often merely perfunctory. The obtrusion of his moral purpose is partly due to the weakness of his dramatic faculty. His 'New England Tragedies' are singularly flat and tame. On artistic grounds it might be questioned whether the subject is intrinsically tragic. New England persecutions were appalling from their suddenness and comparative transience; in Europe their gradual growth may be traced, in the New World they flame up suddenly against a cloudless sky. True dramatic action is based on the elemental passions, while these persecutions sprang from intellectual blindness. The interest of the tragedy, if aroused at all, must therefore depend less on the horrors of religious superstition than on the character of the actors. In other words, Longfellow has chosen a subject which is not necessarily tragic, but may be rendered so by a dramatic treatment of character. And here he completely fails. Nothing can be weaker than his presentation of such supreme crises in their lives as the close of Giles Corey's career, or the appearance of Christian Wenlock before Judge Endicott. There is no play of forces, no struggle between freedom and religion; the course of persecution runs as smoothly as if there were no element in the New England character which fought against cruelty.

America has, in our opinion, produced a greater poet than Longfellow; but to few of her citizens does she owe a deeper debt of gratitude. His powers were perfectly adapted to the stage of civilization at which the nation had arrived. His countrymen had never passed through the ballad period of literature, but he supplied them with the simple poetry for which they craved, and which was the substitute for a popular literature. Poets of greater or less genius would have failed to do his work so effectively. Those who now depreciate his poetry stand on a level which he was the first to raise. In a more direct sense his poetry is national. He quickened the steps of progress by setting it to the music of a sacred march. Few sides of American history or life were left untouched. He sang the death-song of the conquered races, immortalized the solid virtues of the early settlers, pleaded the cause of freedom on a free soil, bade 'God speed' to the bark of the Union on its perilous voyage through unknown seas. But he was also an universal poet. The Old and the New World mourned his loss.

We praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song;  
Who weighs him from his life apart,  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

He preached no idle gospel of contentment; he wailed no moan of sickly despair. His trust, courtesy, forbearance, and serenity, were more than the outcome of a tranquil and prosperous life. They were, as is conclusively proved by the volumes of extracts from the poet's journals and letters which Mr. Samuel Longfellow has edited, the genuine expression of the inner nature of the man himself; a man to whom envy and malice were strangers, a man who pursued, both in conduct and in art, the even tenour of his cheerful, true-hearted way, and walked, doubting nothing, in the light of a sincere but unobtrusive religious faith.

Poe and Oliver Wendell Holmes are more voluminous writers in prose than in verse, yet both contributed important elements to the development of poetry. Poe's poetry was small in amount, but in quality it was peculiar. Yet Mr. Lowell's criticism is not far from the truth—

Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,  
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge.

A lover of poetry for its own sake, he protested against the didactic tendencies of American verse. His own poetry is a wail of morbid despondency. His genius was displayed in a powerful though uncanny imagination, and an effective but showy versification. He demonstrated with extraordinary brilliancy the subtle charm which is exercised by the sound, apart from the meaning, of words. The 'Autocrat' too early gained a world-wide reputation as a versifier by request to develop to the full his undoubted gifts as a writer of songs and ballads. In his fine taste, command of pure English, and love of the 'straight-backed' measures of Dryden and of Pope, he belongs to the classic school. But his verse is always fresh and bright with the dews of fancy. His special contributions to American poetry are the power of assimilating to the services of the Muse the latest discoveries of science, and that union of humour with pathos which adds to the sparkle of the one by the glitter of the tear-drop of the other.

Essayist, poet, satirist, critic, lecturer, professor, diplomatist, man of the world, of letters, and of affairs, Lowell is, as Mr. Stedman says, the representative of American literature. In him are combined the ripe scholarship and varied learning of Parson Wilbur, with the shrewd mother-wit and sound commonsense of Hosea Biglow. He sums up the best qualities of the refined and cultured Americans. He has outlived the Vandalism and illiberal fanaticism of the Puritans, and yet retains the religious resolve and fighting spirit which at Naseby swept the chaff from the threshing-floor of the Lord.

From the very first his poetry was marked by an ambitious purpose and a high ideal of his art. Love was indeed the inspiration of 'Year's Life,' which he published in 1841, with the motto from Schiller, 'Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.' But this youthful volume was followed in 1844 by poems in which the tender notes are blended with sturdier tones. Already he raises his voice to plead for freedom or dignify the heritage of the poor. He was determined to be—

No empty rhymers  
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,  
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,  
To all men's pride and fancies as they pass.

A similar strain appears in the following lines—

Never did Poesy appear  
So full of heaven to me, as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear  
To the lives of common men.

Or again, in the words which he puts in the mouth of Hosea Biglow—

If I a song or two could make,  
Like rockets dray by their own burnin',  
All leap an' light, to leave a wake  
Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'.

His theory of the choice of themes also impelled him to active life. He held that the Muse never reveals herself to the man who pursues her with prying eyes and panting breath, but seeks out for herself the favoured lovers, in whose ears she whispers subjects which, as Lowell writes—

By day or night won't let me be,  
And hang about me like a curse,  
Till they have made me into verse.

With this aim and ideal before him, his poetry has always been characterized by manly earnestness and strong religious feeling. He aspires not to conceive exquisite creations of the fancy which might charm the dilettante, but to speak the simple words that waken their free nature in the poor and friendless.

[To be concluded.]

#### Magazine Notes.

MR. WARNER has happily cast aside fiction, and writing of New Orleans, in *Harper's*, untrammelled by the necessities of keeping up a romance, he is at his best in a delightful descriptive paper, ably seconded by such clever artists as Gibson, Kemble, Dielman, Kappes, Schell and Hogan. Author and artist have certainly succeeded in capturing and reproducing the elusive charm of Creole life and character. Sir Edward J. Reed writes at some length of 'The Navies of the Continent,' this first paper of his series being devoted to the French Navy. Kathleen O'Meara

begins, in spirited fashion, a novel of Russian life called 'Narka.' There is a long instalment of 'Springhaven' in which Napoleon appears; but the honors of the number are easy between Mr. Warner and Mr. Millet, whose opening paper of 'Campaigning with the Cossacks' is delightful in text and picture.—Tobogganing and kindred sports predominate in the winter *Outing*, though Charles E. Clay writes of 'A Bout with the Gloves' for those whose sport must be indoors. The instalments of Stevens's bicycling tour and of Capt. Kemeys's 'Sunset Land' are more than usually spirited, though neither of these writers is ever dull.

The frontispiece of *The English Illustrated* is a fine picture of 'News from the Front.' Mrs. Mulock-Craik writes of 'An Unknown Country,' which is simply a picturesque corner of Ireland, and her text is beautifully illustrated by Noel Paton. The story of 'Jacquetta' comes to a unique and amusing conclusion. An article on 'The Daughters of George the Third,' by W. Outram Tristram, is accompanied by fascinating portraits of the young girls who grew up, he tells us, to be handsome ladies, admirable daughters, affectionate sisters and devoted wives. Julia Cartwright writes of Fouqué and 'Undine,' with striking illustrations.—Warren Olney, in *The Overland*, takes up the much-discussed Irrigation Problem, and believes the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of *Lux vs. Haggin* to be just and wise. W. J. Corbet, M. P., a Parnellite, gives a vivid sketch of the sufferings of Ireland, quoting the direct statements of officials as to Government measures in a way to rouse sympathy for the sufferers from such severity. The fiction is abundant, and spiced with Californian adventure.

In *The New Princeton* for January, John Safford Fiske deals with Victor Hugo, and Julius H. Ward with E. P. Whipple—neither of them enthusiastically. Prof. Calderwood, of Edinburgh, writes with incisiveness and grasp on Philosophy in Great Britain, James Bryce on the Irish Question, and the Comte de Paris on McClellan—three articles by foreign contributors. The late Dr. A. A. Hodge is the author of a broad-minded, but positive and vigorous, article on 'Religion in the Public Schools,' and Charles Dudley Warner of an earnest one on 'The Extirpation of Criminals.' G. P. Lathrop contributes a slight, sketchy tale.—Under the title 'A King of Shreds and Patches,' Miss Guiney contributes to the February *Catholic World* a delightfully literary and readable study of Charles II.—Gen. James Grant Wilson opens the January *Genealogical and Biographical Record* with a paper on 'Samuel Provoost, First Bishop of New York,' who was Chaplain of the United States Senate, and read prayers at the Inauguration of Washington. The frontispiece portrait accompanying Gen. Wilson's carefully-prepared memoir shows a singularly handsome and attractive face.—In February Prof. William James, of Harvard College, will occupy the first place in *The Popular Science Monthly* (which has just had the misfortune to lose its chief editor) with a paper on 'The Laws of Habit.'

Capt. Greene's 'Our Defenceless Coasts' in the January *Scribner's* will be followed in the February number with a paper on 'Our Naval Policy,' by Prof. J. R. Soley. In the same magazine Brander Matthews will write of Coquelin and T. S. Perry of Russian novels.—Mr. Stedman and Joaquin Miller will contribute poems to the Midwinter *Century*.—The question 'What is the Object of Life?' is to be answered by an agnostic, an evolutionist, a positivist, a Protestant and a Catholic in coming numbers of *The Forum*; and several well-known men will name the 'Books that Have Been Useful' to them.—Mrs. Logan, the late Senator's widow, will contribute to the February *Chautauquan* a paper on 'Official Etiquette in Washington,' and to a later number one on 'Women in the Departments in Washington.'—It is said that *The Atlantic* has declined to permit the simultaneous publication of 'Paul Patoff' in *La Nouvelle Revue*, and that Mr. Crawford will supply the latter magazine with a new story, called 'Marzio's Crucifix,' to be published in book form afterwards by Macmillan.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes.

AN exhibition of pictures was held at the Union League on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week in connection with the annual meeting. One of the most important works exhibited was 'The Dawn of Love,' by Israels, showing a peasant girl and youth walking side by side. Other foreign artists represented were Vibert, by 'The Missionary's Story,' Bouguereau, Brozik, Corot ('The Dance of the Nymphs'), Hamon, Henner, Tito Lessi, Munkacsy, Millet ('The Gleaners'), Cazin, Dupré, Troyon and Daubigny. American painters were creditably represented. H. Siddons Mowbray's 'Nourmahal,' and landscapes by Bolton Jones, C. H. Davis, Wyant, George Inness and Swain Gifford, were among the more noticeable pictures.

—Millet's masterpiece, 'The Angelus,' for which an American (not Mr. Rockefeller, we believe) is said to have offered \$100,000, is the gem of Mons. Secretan's collection in Paris.

—The sixty-second annual exhibition of the National Academy will be open from April 4th to May 14th. The Hanging Committee consists of J. Q. A. Ward, James Hart, J. G. Brown, Thomas Moran, Frederick Dielman and R. Swain Gifford.

—At a meeting of the Trustees of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, last week, it was announced that the desired endowment fund of \$100,000 had been raised and exceeded, the actual amount of money pledged being \$112,500. The subscriptions were mostly of \$500 each, though one was of \$100 and one of \$10,000. Of course the Academy will be very glad to receive additions to its fund.

—Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate' will remain on exhibition in this city three weeks longer. It will then be taken to Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other large cities.

—The English painter, Frank Holl, R.A., is coming to America to paint portraits.

—The Gettysburg Memorial Commission of Cleveland, Ohio, have selected nineteen monuments which are to be placed on the ground where the various Ohio regiments fought.—A monument to the late Bishop Rappe, the first Bishop of Cleveland, is to be erected in the vestibule of the Cathedral. It will consist of a granite pedestal surmounted by a bronze portrait of the Bishop in full pontifical dress.—The Western Reserve School of Design for Women has had a legacy of \$150,000.

—De Neuville's 'Tel-el-Kebir,' which has been bought by Knoedler & Co., will be exhibited at their gallery this winter or in the spring. Its subject is Sir Garnet Wolseley's easily-won victory over Arabi Bey's rebels, Sept. 13th, 1882. The canvas is ten or twelve feet long.

—A new painting by Franz Defregger, 'Madonna and Child,' was placed on exhibition at the Schaus gallery last Monday, for the benefit of the General Hospital Fund.

—The twenty-seventh annual sale of the Artists' Fund Society was held on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. On the first evening forty-five pictures were sold, for \$4,602.50. It is a fine comment on the popular artistic taste that S. J. Guy's 'Maternal Affection' brought the highest price of the evening—\$450. The highest price paid the second evening was \$500 for Eastman Johnson's 'Justice of the Peace.' The sales of the second evening amounted to \$6,024.

## Notes

THE CRITIC is requested by Mr. John G. Whittier to state that he finds it impossible to reply to solicitations which reach him by every mail for autographs, notices of books, and answers to questions on matters of no real interest to the writers or himself. He has neither time nor strength for the examination and criticism of manuscripts, and cannot be responsible for the care of them. The letters of his friends, known and unknown, are always welcome, and he trusts that his age and state of health will excuse an occasional delay in responding to them. Mr. Whittier would be obliged if editors would kindly copy this.

—Mr. Browning's new volume of poems, 'Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day,' will be published in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—According to *The Evening Post*, the personal estate of the late Mrs. Jackson (H.H.) is appraised at \$12,642.51. It consists of Government and railroad bonds, and interest in the copyright of certain of her books. From the latter source there is still due the sum of \$2,119.75—which indicates the popularity of Mrs. Jackson's writings, published by Roberts Bros.

—The Publishers' Circular reports the publication of 3,984 books in Great Britain in 1886 as against 4,307 in 1885 and 4,832 in 1884. In the department of fiction, the figures for 1884 were 408 and for 1886, 755. As opposed to this increase, there has been a remarkable falling off in poetry—179 in 1884 and 60 in 1886,

—The executors and trustees of the late Samuel J. Tilden's estate submitted to the Legislature on the 13th inst. the form of an act for establishing a free library and reading-room in this city. They are under the impression that the sum available for the purpose will not fall below \$4,000,000, and may exceed that amount. The act creates John Bigelow, Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith, 'and such other persons as they may associate with themselves,' a body corporate and politic, under the name and title of the Tilden Trust.

—Should the number of subscriptions justify the venture, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. will issue in May a 'Review of the New York Musical Season' of 1886-7, prepared by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, whose Review of last winter's season attracted favorable attention abroad as well as at home. We should be glad if the success of this venture were to be such as to ensure the publication of a regular annual Review by the same competent hand.

—F. Warne & Co. will shortly publish a new and thoroughly-revised edition of 'Nuttall's Standard Dictionary,' edited by the Rev. James Wood, of Edinburgh.

—The Queen of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva') has undertaken to deliver a course of lectures on national literature at the high school for girls in Bucharest. She has been accustomed to give lectures privately in her palace to the young ladies of the leading families in Roumania. The demands for admission grew inconvenient, so that the Queen bethought her of delivering her lectures in the school. Before she could do this, however, she had to obtain a professor's diploma from the King and the Minister of Instruction. This required an examination, to which she gaily submitted, and the diploma having now been won, she will begin her lectures at the opening of the term.

—Mr. Woollett supplemented his recital at the Madison Square Theatre last Monday morning with a reading of Tennyson's new poem.—A California paper says that H. H. Bancroft's great library, which it has taken him thirty years to collect, is offered for sale, the price being \$250,000.—President Eliot of Harvard has been granted an eight months' leave of absence.

—Mr. Charles Pratt, President of the Trustees of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, has increased his recent gift of \$100,000 to the Academy by \$60,000.

—The lady Commissioners of Education appointed by Mayor Grace have taken their seats in the Board of Education. Mrs. Agnew has been placed on the Committees on Teachers, the Normal College and the Annual Report, and Miss Dodge on the Committees on Sites and New Schools, Course of Studies and School Books (by which the subject of Technical Education will be considered), and School Furniture.

—A second edition of Dr. Haskins's reminiscences of his cousin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, to be issued by Cupples, Upham & Co., will contain some new literary matter and fresh illustrations.

—Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, a well-known book-lover and member of the Grolier Club, who has long lived in New York, proposes to return to France, and will offer his library for sale through Geo. A. Leavitt & Co. some time in March. Besides rare books and fine specimens of binding, the collection will include autograph manuscripts, water-colors and engravings. This sale will be followed by that of the library of another well-known collector, Gen. Rush C. Hawkins. This includes nearly a hundred illuminated manuscripts, consisting of choir-books, books of hours, hymnals, etc.; a collection of *incunabula* and examples of early printing, including a volume by Faust, printed from Guttenberg's type; and some rare copies of American books.

—'As You Like It' was discussed at the first public meeting of the Shakspeare Society of Columbia College, held in Prof. Drisler's lecture-room on the 12th inst.

—Mayor Hewitt, Mark Twain, Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Horace Porter and Senator Warner Miller have promised to attend the Annual Dinner of the Stationers' Board of Trade, at the Hotel Brunswick, on the 10th of February. All who call themselves stationers—whether publishers, booksellers, or sellers of paper and pens—are eligible to participate in the proposed feast, whether actual or prospective members of the Board. Application should be made to the Committee, at 99 Nassau Street.

—Mr. Henry Norman writes: 'May I ask for a corner in THE CRITIC to explain to your readers that my own contribution to the Annual which I have the honor of editing for Mr. T. Fisher Appleton (republished in America by D. Appleton & Co., and which appears this year with the title "The Witching Time"), has neither plot nor point. And one reason for this—I will not presume to say the only one—is that the Messrs. Appleton inadvertently sent the volume to press before receiving the last pages of proof from England. My feelings on discovering that the last three pages of "Two of a Kind," in which lay whatever point or *dénouement* or climax the story possesses, were missing in the American version, can be imagined only with difficulty. I do not mean that Messrs. Appleton are in fault, for no doubt the error is due to the lateness of proofs from this side; but I hasten to make this explanation to escape the verdict which readers of "The Witching Time" must certainly have passed on me. "Never mind," said my genial friend Osgood, when I met him in Fleet Street and confided my

distress to his sympathetic ear, "in future you will be classed with Howells and James." But even this consolatory *bon mot*, clever as it is, is not sufficient to keep me silent on the subject.'

—Jonas Gilman Clark, the wealthiest citizen of Worcester, Mass., has announced his intention of founding in that city an unsectarian institution for the promotion of learning in all its higher branches, to be called Clark University. He will start it with an endowment of \$1,000,000. Eight well-known gentlemen of Worcester are associated with him in the petition for incorporation; and if the citizens offer substantial evidence of sympathy and support, Mr. Clark will endow the institution still further, as its needs become apparent.

—Prof. Goldwin Smith contributed to the Christmas number of *The Varsity*, published at the University of Toronto, a Latin rendering of the song 'Fear no More the Heat o' the Sun,' from Shakspeare's *Cymbeline*.

—J. H. H. writes:—'It is by a noteworthy coincidence that you announce in succeeding paragraphs in your issue of Jan. 15th, that Louis J. Jennings has written "a study of Mr. Gladstone," to be published by Messrs. Blackwood, and that Bret Harte has written a story called "The Millionaire." The peculiarity of the announcement is found in the fact that Mr. Jennings, as your readers will doubtless remember, wrote a novel with this title, of which Jay Gould was supposed to be the "hero," some two years ago. It appeared serially in *Blackwood's*, and was afterwards reprinted in book form.'

—To Worcester's Unabridged have been added a Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary of nearly 12,000 names and a Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World, locating over 20,000 places.

—John Bernard, whose 'Retrospections of America' is about to be published by the Harpers, made a considerable reputation as an actor in England in the latter part of the last century. His 'Retrospections of the Stage,' published after his death in 1830, cover his experiences up to the date of his departure for America in 1797, where he made his first appearance at the Greenwich-Street Theatre, New York, as Goldfinch in 'The Road to Ruin.' He reckoned among his friends Sheridan, Selwyn, Fox and other leading wits and men-about-town in London, where he was sometime secretary of the famous Beefsteak Club; and he was brought into contact here with many of the distinguished sons of the Republic. He was a ready writer and a keen observer, and had caught from the Eighteenth-Century comedies a certain sparkle and easy wit, that plays very pleasantly along his pages. His son, William, was the author of 'The Nervous Man,' 'The Middy Ashore' and other plays popular in their day.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

A Child of the Revolution. 25c.	Harper & Bros.
Adams, B. The Emancipation of Massachusetts. \$1.50.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Agatha and the Shadow. \$1.50.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Alexander A. Some Problems of Philosophy.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Avery, E. M. Words Correctly Spoken.	Cleveland: Burrows Bros.
Barr, A. E. The Squire of Sandal-Side.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Belrose, Louis, Jr. To the Poet-Laureate.	Washington: A. S. Witherbee & Co.
Besant, Walter. Dorothy Forster. 20c.	Harper & Bros.
Bishop, Wm. H. The Golden Justice. \$1.25.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Caswell and Ryan. The Barcarolle.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Clark, J. S. A Practical Rhetoric.	Henry Holt & Co.
Crane, F. T. Romantisme Français. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Curtis, G. T. Creation or Evolution? \$2.00.	D. Appleton & Co.
Dickens, Charles. A Christmas Carol. 10c.	Cassell & Co.
Hallowell, R. P. The Pioneer Quakers. \$1.00.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Harris, Samuel. The Self-Revelation of God.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Heilprin, A. Distribution of Animals. \$2.00.	D. Appleton & Co.
Jackson, Tribute in Memory of Helen Hunt.	Deaver: F. S. Thayer.
Janvier, Thomas A. The Mexican Guide. \$4.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Keigwin, H. W. Principles of Elementary Algebra.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Laurie, S. S. Rise and Early Constitution of the Universities. \$1.50.	D. Appleton & Co.
Lee, Edmund. Dorothy Wordsworth.	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Luckock, H. M. The Bishops in the Tower. \$1.50.	Thomas Whittaker.
Mass. Institute of Technology. President's Report.	Boston: Rand, Avery Co.
Newton, R. H. Social Studies.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Pfleiffer, Emily. Sonnets.	Scribner & Welford.
Plimpton, F. B. Poems.	Cincinnati: Mrs. F. B. Plimpton.
Poor, H. V. The Interstate Commerce Bill.	Poor & Greenough, Bankers.
Popular Synonyms. 20c.	Cleveland: Burrows Bros.
Porter, Rose. Literary Salad. 50c.	Chicago: Interstate Pub. Co.
Preston, H. W. A Year in Eden. \$1.50.	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Prince, J. T. Courses and Methods of Teaching. 85c.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Raymond, G. D. Ballads of the Revolution. \$1.25.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Saltus, Edgar E. The Anatomy of Negation.	Scribner & Welford.
Ségur, Mme. de. Les Malheurs de Sophie.	Wm. Jenkins.
Spinnett, A. P. Karma: A Novel. 35c.	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Thiry, J. H. School Savings-Banks.	Long Island City: J. H. Thiry.
Whitney, W. D. A Practical French Grammar.	Henry Holt & Co.